

But Remember from here on in

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/36545833) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/36545833>.

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Additional Tags: [Implied/Referenced Character Death](#), [Character Death](#), [Angel of Death](#) [Phil Watson \(Video Blogging RPF\)](#), [Immortal Phil Watson \(Video Blogging RPF\)](#), [Phil Watson is Wilbur Soot and Technoblade and TommyInnit's Parent](#), [Immortal Technoblade \(Video Blogging RPF\)](#), [Blood God Technoblade \(Video Blogging RPF\)](#), [Piglin Hybrid Technoblade \(Video Blogging RPF\)](#), [Duck Hybrid Alexis](#) | [Quackity](#), [Enderman Hybrid Ranboo \(Video Blogging RPF\)](#), [Immortal Eret \(Video Blogging RPF\)](#), [Villain TommyInnit \(Video Blogging RPF\)](#), [Dark TommyInnit \(Video Blogging RPF\)](#), [Blind Character](#), [Loss of Limbs](#), [Implied/Referenced Torture](#), [Implied/Referenced Abuse](#), [Dead TommyInnit \(Video Blogging RPF\)](#), [Dead Toby Smith](#) | [Tubbo](#), [Dead Wilbur Soot](#), [Ranboo and Toby Smith](#) | [Tubbo Have a Child Named Michael](#), [Captivity](#), [How Do I Tag](#), [Death from Old Age](#), [Dark Fairy Tale Elements](#), [\(No not the Anime/Manga - I mean like Grimm's Tales stuff\)](#), [Reincarnation](#), [Mental Health Issues](#), [Technoblade Hears Voices \(Video Blogging RPF\)](#), [TommyInnit Hears Voices \(Video Blogging RPF\)](#), [Hearing Voices](#)
Language: English
Series: Part 3 of [Knowing History](#), Part 2 of [Dream SMP](#)
Collections: [hixpatch's all time favorites](#)
Stats: Published: 2022-01-20 Completed: 2022-05-06 Words: 9,355 Chapters: 4/4

But Remember from here on in

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Summary

This is a Sequel to "History has its Eyes on you"
About what happend far into the future of the Run.

Remember from here on in

Philza wasn't sure if he would ever get used to the fact that he was free.

It still sounded strange to even think about it.

Almost eighty years.

An entire lifetime spent on a single Server.

It was almost... laughable when he looked at it from the viewpoint that he was over three hundred years old at the point where he got stuck in the **T SMP**.

Immortality.

What a strange thing to *forget* , but he *did* .

And Technoblade had done the same.

Both of them had sunken so deep in their despair over *losing everything* that they never noticed everyone around them *ageing* and *wilting*, *withering away*.

After a while Tommy allowed certain people to come and go from the Server as they desired. Some of those privileged-few never returned, like Badboy Halo and Skeppy and Antfrost.

Some did come back, like Purpled and Punz.

And some never took their chance to leave, like Niki and Ranboo.

It... hadn't been *bad* after a while. It still hurt and ached and some days Phil hadn't even been able to get himself to move out of bed, and other days he had been forced to hide every single sharp object in the house from Techno, but they made it work, somehow.

After three years in custody, Quackity had been released.

The Duck Hybrid had been a changed, a *broken* man, according to pretty much everyone.

Phil had a hard time seeing it.

Quackity was a nice, calm and charming individual who never caused any form of trouble. All in all a pleasant person to be around.

Q had moved back in with George, who had settled into the house next to Technoblade and Philza to take care of his father- and brother-in-law when they were having particularly difficult days.

Wilbur had joined his husbands four years later.

Phil had been genuinely surprised at that specific development. He hadn't thought his middle son would ever get the chance to leave the cells beneath the White House and see the light of day again.

Wilbur, compared to Quackity, had been a mess.

He was flinching and stuttering and startled by the smallest of movements or quietest of sounds. His once proud son was not much more than a feral animal backed into a corner.

Wilbur most certainly was broken.

Tubbo still forbade Wilbur to leave the house and had him fitted with an ankle monitor, but the former president was too scared to leave the safety of his home anyway.

Technoblade and Philza first caught onto the fact that they were immortal the day Wilbur died.

He was the first to go, leaving them at the age of 47, the wars he had tried to fight, the loss of two lives, a bunch of bad habits, the stress and declining mental health taking him too early.

Tommy had been devastated and hid away for over a month. Nobody knew where he went.

Only when the shock of Wilbur dying had left his and Techno's system did they both realize what it meant:

Most members of the **T SMP** weren't immortal like them.

Tommy was ageing. Their youngest was **38** by now, most of his blonde hair had been taken over by the white strands he already had as a teen.

Tubbo and Ranboo had a kid that was fully grown and living by himself.

Michael was a Zombie-Piglin Hybrid child they had found in the Nether and taken in.

They had asked Techno to help them with translating and also learned Piglin to communicate with their adopted son.

Phil... never really *noticed* that the kid had *grown up* at some point.

He felt so stupid for not picking up on it sooner.

And now, here they were —

Philza, the *Angel of Death*, without wings.

And Technoblade, the *Blood God*, without eyesight and lacking a considerable amount of muscle mass and donning a lot more fat from the lack of exercise.

— standing in front of the Exit Portal that would lead to Hypixel nine days after Tommy died.

The **Borders** were gone. The Admin was dead. The Server would remain, as all of them did.

But they were *free*.

They had been there when Tommy died, at the ripe age of 94.

He'd been an old man, frail. Nothing of the fearsome warrior he'd been in his prime remained, except for his pride, memories, a uniform that caught dust in the wardrobe and weapons that hung on the walls as decoration.

Tommy had stayed true to himself until the very end. Strange humour, guffawing laughter, loud mouth and constant cursing included.

Techno and Phil had been there when he died. They sat at his bedside together with Ranboo, Michael and Eret.

Tubbo had already left them six years ago, Tommy had never quite been the same after that loss.

And as Ranboo did breathing exercises to keep themselves from crying and making their burn-scars even worse, Eret was weeping freely, while Michael was chuffing to calm everyone around him down.

Phil and Techno didn't feel really bad about the knowledge that Tommy was about to die, and neither was Tommy.

"I've been dead longer than I've been alive, old friend.", laughed Tommy with a brittle voice as he patted Eret's hand,

"You know that more than anyone else. I've been ready to die for ages now. It'll be like returning home for me, big man. I had a good life, the fuckin best, really. Let me leave in peace and with the knowledge that you will forever remember the Biggest Man Tommy Innit."

Ranboo choked out a "You really were the greatest." and Eret nodded in agreement with a pained smile.

Tommy fell asleep surrounded by friends and family to never wake up again, one heart after the other turning grey on his wrist.

It was a nice death, all things considered.

And he got a magnificent funeral.

There was music and some grande speeches and Tommy was buried beneath the L'Mantree, right next to Tubbo and a bit away from Wilbur. He got a statue and a monument and a memorial – the whole deal.

It's what Tommy wanted. He would have liked it.

As Phil and Techno had stood over his grave, throwing their own handful of dirt inside to bury the casket, Phil had reminisced about the fact that Tommy really had been a dead man walking for most of his life.

The day they had found out that particular fact had been... chaotic.

Quackity had already been released, Phil remembered that.

The Crows had been acting even stranger than usual for a couple weeks at that point.

And Techno was complaining about it a lot, loudly contemplating various poultry recipes whenever the birds were around and testing his patience too much.

Finally, one of the crows who had it worst during and after captivity stepped forward and *told* Philza what was going on.

Tommy apparently had visited Chat regularly while they were captured, feeding them and spending time with them; but, *most importantly*: talking to them.

Tommy had told them about his plan to fake Dream's location.

Relayed various stories of what he was doing to ***Blob***, as he had named Dream after he broke the man enough.

Explained that he was planning on crippling Philza and Technoblade enough to render them harmless.

Bragged about his first victory over the Dream Team.

And he admitted to being from the future – that he woke up after he got killed and lost his third life and that he was now doing everything in his power to prevent the future he came from.

It was just the right amount of crazy to make it believable.

After a discussion that lasted over two ***months***, Phil and Techno finally agreed to confront their youngest family member about it.

And Tommy's response to Techno's blunt: "Are you a Time Traveler?"

was a:

"Oh? So the crows *finally* talked? Thank Prime!"

And he told them everything in detail, answering any question they had nonchalantly, not even hesitating to admit that he fell out with them in the past because of a miscommunication with Technoblade over L'Manburg.

And now Tommy is dead.

And now they could finally leave this and any former past behind.

Battered and broken as they were right now, after a couple of centuries they probably won't even remember that they could fly and see at some point – at least they were hoping that time would heal those wounds as well.

But until then, they would make sure that everyone would remember ***Tommy Innit*** for who he was:

The first person crazy enough to rip Adminship from an Admin and overtake an entire Server, crippling, breaking and killing anyone who stood in his way.

A monster like they could only be found in the cruellest of myths and legends.

They would wander the worlds as they had before and regain their titles to the best of their abilities, and they would use all their power and sway to make the person who was worse than the Blood God and the Angel of Death the Boogie-Man he was supposed to be.

Tommy would never be forgotten as the Villain of History.

And even now I lie awake

Chapter Summary

Let's look even further into the future... 300 years should suffice, I'd say? :)

Chapter Notes

This was brought to you by the absolute Banger that is "We don't talk about Bruno", and the too long waiting times at the hospital.

"Pull yourself together, Blue! I won't say it another time! Behave, or *TommyInnit* is gonna getcha!", hissed the woman irritated and dragged at the wrist clutched in her hand, while her kid hung limp and defiant in her grasp.

She could only handle *so many* tantrums in public before her patience snapped, and she now had officially met that point.

She shook the child attached to the arm she was holding a bit as her brat continued screaming and crying over *nothing* .

It made her eyelid twitch and her ears ring and people were looking and gossiping and some threw nasty glares in her direction - as if she was a bad mother – It all made her highly uncomfortable and she felt thoroughly embarrassed by her offspring.

But... her little lovely nuisance finally stopped after her outburst.

Don't get her wrong – she *loved* them with all her heart and in every way a mother could adore her child, but sometimes Blue was... a bit over the top.

"What's *TommyInnit* ?", asked Blue. Finally distracted from whatever had upset them and now walking on their own feet without any struggle.

It was so much nicer when it was like this.

Had she actually pulled out the old fairytale her own mother had always used to scare her into obedience?

It appears so.

"Oh. He's a terrible, *terrible* monster that eats entire *Servers* and steals little, misbehaving children to possess them.", she explained it with a gasp and exaggerated voice. Using her best acting skills to seem frightened and upset at the thought of it.

Some people around them on the marketplace perked up as a single mother started the tale of the familiar story.

An old lady close-by gave a trembling, ancient smile as she gazed down at Blue with glassy grey eyes.

"It's said that he took one of the *Blood God's* lives and killed countless other Gods, little one.", rasped the elder with a chalky voice.

A man leaning against a market stall made an agreeing noise.

"Hacked off the Angel of Death's wings, I tell ya."

"When he isn't gouging himself on the energy of Servers, he devours human flesh.", whispered a teen loudly with a spooky tone behind them.

Blue clung to her skirt with wide, tearful eyes.

A barked, dry laugh brought everyone's attention to two men sitting at the table of a close-by food stand. They looked a bit odd but she couldn't figure out *why* .

"He was a monster, all right.", said the bigger man and turned around, facing her and her child.

He was a pig hybrid and wore a skull mask to cover his upper face.

"Here's how it went down, kid.", gruffed the man before launching into the tale everybody knew with a vigour as if he'd witnessed it happening himself:

"As all stories begin, this one also starts *once upon a time*:

The Angel of Death had four sons: The oldest one the **Blood God** himself, the other three mortals, or so he thought.

All of his sons were the Angel's pride and joy, each of them special and unique.

His oldest, Technoblade, strong and steady.

His second oldest, Soot, cunning and sly.

His second youngest, Tubbo, ingenious and smart.

And his youngest, *TommyInnit*, wild and brave.

But he had to leave them behind at times, there were worlds to conquer, duties to fulfill – he was Lady Death's Angel, after all.

And Technoblade followed his father, leaving the ones too weak for war and the reality of death, behind.

After a while, Soot got bored taking care of his smaller brothers, leaving them as well.

And so Tubbo and Tommy set off into the world, traveling together, before parting ways.

They found each other again, first, when Tommy invited his youngest brother to join him in the Dream SMP.

They started fights with the Admin and it seemed Tommy delighted in the chaos he caused.

Next returned Soot, starting a nation in the Server to protect him little brother's from the Admin's wrath.

It brought war.

And TommyInnit revealed his true colours.

After weeks of skirmishes and fighting, two days before the war, Tommy told the army Soot was leading them to their certain death, and that he was the only option to survive.

And the soldier's, scared to death. Followed the harbinger of pain in his cruel quest, tearing an entire city apart under the cover of night in order to win the war.

Soot was locked away in order to not stop the plans of the Monster that took his little brother's place when nobody was there.

And the creature named *TommyInnit* , hiding in a bright child's skin, won the war with its ruthless plans.

He devoured the Admin and stole his powers, condemning the Server to slowly fall apart.

And after that, the family was reunited, Technoblade and the Angel following Soots desperate cry for help.

They found despair.

A Server of fear and cruelty hidden behind a facade of beauty and generosity.

They freed Soot from his prison and the husk of their youngest found them - and declared war.

The Angel of Death, the Blood God and Soot fought.

All of them Fell.

The Blood God lost his eyesight.

The Angel of Death his Wings.

And Soot his newly gained Freedom and his second Life.

And *TommyInnit* forced them to stay, stealing their energy until Soot died.

It took ***decades*** for *TommyInnit* 's shell to rot away, but when it did, his curse on the the Server was lifted, leaving it's captives to roam free again.

But that wasn't all. The Monster trapped inside was set free, allowing it to go out into the Multiverse, luring children like it's first host, who are cruel and ungrateful, into it's claws, stealing their bodies and possessing their minds, sending them off to kill their friends and family before stealing a Server and draining it dry.

TommyInnit still roams the Server's, looking for a way to hurt people for his amusement."

The entire marketplace was silent. During the tale it had fallen more and more quiet with each spoken word.

The way it had been told, while only scratching the surface of the tale, rang with importance and *meaning* .

Blue shook next to her, holding onto her skirt *so tight* with white knuckles and tears streaming down their face.

The Pig Hybrid nodded at her in some form of acknowledgement as he stood up, towering above everyone with his massive body.

"That tale had been spread by the Blood God and the Angel in order to save children going down the wrong path, to make sure they wouldn't suffer the same fate. To make sure no parent would ever have to have witness their own kid maim and kill their family.

Make sure their work wasn't in vain, little one."

With that, he gave a slight bow and walked away, red cape billowing behind him as the smaller man with golden blonde hair in a green robe walked right next to him.

"I'm sorry, Mommy.", muttered Blue next to her.

I know that we can Win

Chapter Summary

It's obvious that time changed the Tales of the T SMP, but how did Techno and Phil even find out about that?

Hypixel was so much different and just the same when Techno and Phil entered it again – it was a completely different world after being stuck in the T SMP for an entire lifetime.

They exchanged a simple nod as Phil wandered off to go gather supplies from Techno's base in the World Hub, while the once feared warrior reached out to officials, as well as allies and acquaintances who might still be alive or definitely still were up and kicking.

And as the father prepared bags for the next parts of their journey, his son sowed the first seeds of a cautionary tale, telling everyone who still knew him and was inclined to listen, how his menace of a little brother forcibly took over a Server and stole the Admins power.

They stayed together one more night before bidding each other farewell, for now, Technoblade with a blue Sheep as a guide by his side, and Philza with a cane clutched in taloned hands to help with the rare bouts of imbalance he still sometimes suffered from.

The father, heading off, determined to find the best redstoners, modders and mechanics to help him regain his flight in some way.

The son setting his mind on a new quest to find the best blind and disabled fighters in the Multiverse in order to help him regain his past prowess and combat ability.

One of them would find success, the other only disappointment and frustration - the thing that his wife gifted him so generously, something that could never be replicated or replaced.

Neither of them told the story of what went down on that cursed, fateful Server while travelling, both trying to forget what happened, what they witnessed, what brought them to their knees.

Both trying to make the wound of eternal loss scab over, so that it could finally scar and fade, leaving them to wonder if their life ever was any other way.

But their words weren't needed anymore, they had been heard already.

So. While both, Technoblade and Philza were locked away in their single-minded pursuit, not caring for the pass of time or word or world, mankind did what they do best and told their tales.

First, it was decided that the Angel of Death had a fourth son.

Then it was said that Dream died when Tommy gained the Admin power.

Then they forgot L'Manburg's oldest rule and law and who tried to set and reinforce it in the first place.

And with time people tried to make sense of seemingly nonsensical parts.

Storytellers exaggerated and oversold however they desired.

And a true story became fiction as the only witnesses of its time forgot what they even talked about so many decades ago.

It took centuries for Technoblade to master his art again, but once he was done nobody would have ever guessed that he lost control over his blade in the first place.

He set off and fought a Hoglin, taking its head and preserving its skull, wearing it as a mask to hide the scar disfiguring his face and the cause of his blindness.

After that he set out, entering tournaments again to test his skill.

Once he was satisfied with that, the Blood God followed the call of war, seeking out battlefield after battlefield. Following a path of violence and bloodshed.

And each time he emerged victorious and less injured, relearning his ability and skill, regaining his reputation and pride.

It was then, when the ***Blood God*** was as feared as it had been centuries before, that his father called, asking for them to meet again.

And so they did.

Phil took a deep breath with closed eyes, inhaling the scent of his tea happily before taking the first sip, enjoying the warmth and the full flavour of a well-brewed herbal green tea.

Techno was sitting opposite him, looking comically tall and misplaced in the dainty tea shop with its white and rose colour palette and all the flowers, frills and lace; but also surprisingly fitting with his similar colour scheme and the fluffy, well cared for sheep resting contently at his feet.

Phil had found the shop about two weeks ago, when he crawled out of the Server he'd been on for the past few decades.

The owner, a young girl, created all the blends herself and was waitress, baker, barista and manager in one.

She set Techno's cup down in front of him with a smile, not even blinking at the hulking Piglin Hybrid warrior in her shop, simply wishing for him to enjoy his drink before bending down to place a bowl of water and some form of oat-pastry in front of Friend, who started munching away happily.

Phil had to cover his mouth to hide a snort and laughter when his son picked up the handle of his cup between two fingers, the frail porcelain with its fine pink and golden paintings looking just right and all wrong in the hand of the Blood God.

Techno's ear flicked in an irritated gesture and a quiet grumble tumbled in his son's throat for a few seconds, then the blue sheep butted its head against his owner's thigh who stopped the annoyed sound and instead inhaled his tea's scent and immediately relaxed.

"I'd imagine you called me for more than just to make fun of me, old man."

Phil waved a hand, still chuckling.

"Sorry, I'm sorry, mate. You just fit into the colour palette of this shop *perfectly* ."

Techno made a move with his head that clearly indicated that he would actually be rolling his eyes, if he still could and his father were able to see him do it.

"I called you because I heard you were doing well.", explained Phil and took another sip, not taking his eyes from his son as he also started to drink his tea. Some obscure blend with a few different Nether roots, Techno seemed positively delighted at the flavour,

"And I have been getting out of my Server more often. I don't quite remember why I wanted those wings so badly, building a replica seems more and more of a hassle by now."

Techno nodded along, knowing exactly what his father was talking about. There had been a phase that had left him absolutely devastated as he realized that he didn't even know what he himself looked like anymore, but after a few years Technoblade wondered if that even was so bad. Like, he didn't know - so what?

Of course it took a good century or two for him to reach that conclusion, but in the grand scheme of things it was irrelevant.

"It's been quite a while since we did something together.", admitted the warrior as he carefully leaned back in his seat, grimacing a bit when the chair creaked beneath him and Friend let out a stressed, quiet bleat, shuffling away a bit to make sure he wouldn't get caught up in any mishaps.

Phil lit up at the admission, clapping his hands together excitedly.

"Awesome, mate. So, I'd say we do it the usual way: Go to the library and find someone to help us learn everything about what we've been missing out on, and then we decide what kind of chaos we want to cause."

Techno held up his Com and shook it a bit.

"I won't need any help in the library, got this thing programmed to read for me."

"Oh that's *neat!* " gushed Philza,

"Show me!"

This time it was on Techno to laugh.

"I'm not sure you'll understand anything, old man. This thing goes at a speed that's entertaining for me."

"Now I've gotta hear it, son."

Techno rolled his eyes, opening the program he talked about and held his com over one page of the menu.

Philza's eyes grew to the size of saucers when a flood of mumbled gibberish met his ears.

"Holy fuck, Techno! You actually understand this shit?!"

The Piglin Hybrid nodded with a smirk,

"Jep, the cassis pralines sound pretty good."

Phil immediately looked down on the page and, indeed, there they were, smack in the middle of the page.

"That's so pog, mate."

His son merely nodded his head to accept the compliment.

They stayed at the tea shop for quite a while, catching up with each other and enjoying a bit of silence together, before Techno finally paid and his father asked the shop owner if she could point them towards the library.

That's how the Blood God and his father found themselves at the local library on a late afternoon, going through the history section and modern tales.

And that is the first time for them after over two hundred years that they hear a name they almost forgot - a name they thought they would never hear again.

TommyInnit

It bordered on a reflex when Technoblade grabbed his father's arm, dragging the man behind a bookshelf close to where a female sounding voice said *that name*.

Phil leaned around the corner, taking in the scene, not having heard what had caused his son's reaction.

"Mate, that's just some librarian reading some fairytales to some kids. What got you all—"

He too stopped when he finally heard it.

" "The Server was already mine!", laughed TommyInnit with a distorted voice, making his middle brother flinch back into the room he was trapped inside.

*"The Admin is **long gone** ! I ate him! I am the Admin! And you won't take my Server from me!" "*

Phil watched with wide eyes how the young librarian made gestures to underline his story, how the man – the boy, really – changed his voice to this classical evil tone all storytellers used when they were talking for the villain.

He stared at all those little kids who were clinging to each other with round eyes, some of them gasping at the suspense, or revelation, or whatever that scene might have been.

Some seemed so excited, just like *Tommy* back then, jumping up and down on the couch babbling about how *"this is the best part!"*

And others were so frightened, trying to hide in their neighbour's shoulder, just like *Wilbur* tended to do when he was small, mumbling a quiet *"Is it over?"* after maybe twenty seconds of waiting, because that little time already seemed like aeons to a child.

" "You have been defeated. Are there any last words?"

Wilbur looked up straight into burning blue eyes and said:

"We were brothers. "

TommyInnit chopped his head – "

The librarian mimicked the motion with his hand, and Phil felt a bit of nausea gather in his gut at the fact that these kids didn't even *understand* what they were being told

" – right off."

With the last Hero, the last member of his family, down on one life and in the grasp of Tubbo, TommyInnit had actually taken over the Server – nobody wanted to get in his way anymore.

And so he set about devouring everything the Server had to give, draining all its life and energy until there was nothing left. And once that was done,

TommyInnit died. "

The kids held their breaths, staring at the teller for a few seconds, before *cheering* , and a part of Phil had to wonder how *horribly* history had painted Tommy, that this was the immediate reaction.

" But ",

said the man, making Phil and Techno freeze up behind their shelf as well as stopping the children's celebration,

" It wasn't over. "

A small "oh no" fell from a little girl's lips and a part of the father's heart melted at the adorably genuine reaction, another part freezing over at *what had been done to his son.*

" Because even when his shell shrivelled up with nothing more to keep it going, TommyInnit refused to leave.

His soul, his Code so corrupted and twisted by his actions decided to stay .

And when his father and his oldest brother left the remains of his Server, TommyInnit followed them into the Multiverse.

And there he roams, never satisfied. Always looking for another chance to steal a new Server, searching for another family to ruin.

Until the End of Time. "

The man closed the book he'd been reading from with a cheerful smile.

"That's it with storytime for today, guys. It's getting late and your parents should already be at the entrance to pick you up by now."

"What?!" "Nooooo." "Again! Read it- read it again!" "Puh-leaseeeee???" "But what happened to *Tubbo*?! Did TommyInnit drain him too?!" "Did he devour Ranboo as well?! They were friends!!!"

The young man laughed at the wall of questions good-naturedly, holding up his hands in a placating way.

"Okay okay, I know this is very exciting for you all, but that's really it for today, I can't read the story for you the *fifth* time. Don't you know it from memory by now?"

"Awww!!!" "But that's not enough!" "Just one more time!"

The storyteller kept talking with the kids, distracting them enough even as he ushered them out of the reading corner and towards the entrance, obviously used to the small group's antics.

Phil turned towards Techno who had been suspiciously quiet the entire time.

"A coin for your thoughts, mate.", uttered the father, trying to gain his warrior son's attention.

Friend didn't seem upset by Technoblade's state, so Phil knew he didn't need to be too concerned.

Techno had a full-body shiver before turning his head towards his father.

"I'm... they made a *tale* of us. A *fairytale* outta everythin'! And we're the *heroes*. Wilbur's a *hero* . I -"

The warrior seemed to have an entire mental breakdown about it, well aware that "*Nothing good ever happens to heroes*" and that nothing good had happened to *them* , but also hung up on the fact that ***he was no hero*** .

The Piglin Hybrid played with his hands for a bit before his mouth turned into something determined.

"That's ***our*** story. That's *my* tale! I told them what happened in the T SMP... I want that book."

Phil grinned.

"Hey mate, culture is also something we've gotta study up on, might as well..."

He snuck over into the kids' section, picking up the book that was still lying on the floor.

[The Collection of Fairytales by Karl Jacobs]

The name sounded almost familiar, but Phil wouldn't know why and he honestly didn't care, so many names and faces had crossed his path in his life, for all he knew the Karl Jacobs he was thinking about had lived thousand years ago.

The man stuffed the book into the inside of his yukata before wandering back to Techno.

"Got it, mate. Wanna look around some more or are we done for today?"

"We're done. I need to read that entire story, like, *yesterday* ."

Phil laughed at that,

"Of course, of course. Let's go, mate. We can come back tomorrow, or whenever you're ready, we've got all the time we need."

It would be interesting to hear how time warped what had happened. Phil barely remembered, if he was being honest.

He knew that Wilbur wrote them a letter, asking for help. And there was vaguely a memory of them hiding out in some bunker? Or ravine?

It was definitely underground.

And he doesn't think he'd ever forget the sight of a mushroom cloud on the horizon.

Something with Withers in a labyrinth?

And obviously he lost his wings and Techno his eyes.

He knew you couldn't really take tales, especially fairytales, for a grain of salt, but they had nothing better to work with, so they might as well see what this book declared to have happened back then, in the T SMP.

I know that Greatness lies in You

Chapter Summary

An idea how exactly Technoblade might have gained Chat and turned immortal.

And how that could help re-uniting the family.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Tommy was getting very tired of this entire *"Waking up younger, when you're already Dead"* -thing.

Like, is it too much to ask for to just *stay dead*?!

Listen, he had a shit life, and then a much better one, a *perfect one* , dare he say.

No Dream, no family constantly trying to kill him, no war after the other, just - peace and calm and quiet for a long ass time. One can very much stay dead after that.

So, regaining consciousness after floating thoughtlessly and contentedly in the Void for who knows how long... well, it kinda *pissed him off*.

[Is he awake Ohhh Yes Pog Pogchamp Hello Tommy Hello hello hello Tommy TommyInnit hello Tommy hi :D pog pog pogchamp hello child lol child he's fucking Ancient didn't he live until he was like 100 or some shit like that old OLD OLD old man xD still a gremlinchild gremlingchild hi gremlin rip Older than Dadza rip rip L L LLLL LOL F F in the Chat for the old man FFF F F F FF]

He stared into the nausea-inducing grey darkness of the Void that was surrounding him as the noise *slammed* into his skull like a full speed minecart, voices over voices pouring into his brain and blocking out his very own thoughts.

What the fuck?!

"Oh my *Time!* You actually *woke up!*" , gasped a female voice.

He knew that voice. It was powerful enough that it drowned out the chorus of nonsense in his mind.

"M-mum?"

"Oh, Tommy. *Baby* , it *worked!* How are you feeling, sunshine? Anything I should know?"

He blinked, squinting up at the shadow hovering over him.

"My head's *full* 'n shit. 'S *loud*. ", slurred Tommy, deeming the voices crowding his head the most important piece of information.

[KRISTIN!!!! :D Hi Mumza hello Mumza Mumza Hi hello Kristin Goddess of Death pog pog hi can we kill her? Kill the Gods kill the Goddess kill her kill her take what's yours drain her Godkiller Tommy pog Godhunter? Godhunter. Godkiller kill her kill her drain her]

Tommy whined as the noise increased, reaching up to cover his ears and block out the voices – it didn't seem to help much.

He couldn't understand how Kristin could be so calm while people were quite literally *screaming* for him to hurt her.

It took a while but the longer he stared into nothingness instead of looking at his mother, the more the voices calmed down, going back to babbling about "pogchamp" and "jump in the Cadillac" (whatever in the world *that* meant???) and "Just killed a woman, feeling good" and other bullshit along those lines.

His gaze found its way back to his mother and he stared up at her as the voices started up their ruckus again.

["Godhunter, drain the Gods, kill them all."]

Kristin flinched back from where she seemed to have been reaching out for him as if she got burned by Tommy's presence.

He looked up at her confused, not knowing why she suddenly acted like that.

"Is... is that what they're saying, love?" , inquired Kristin hesitantly, Tommy frowned up at her.

"They've been saying that shit the entire time since I woke up, Mum."

He could see her frown through her veil, concern was wavering through the air like a particularly nasty smell.

"Don't... don't you hear them...?"

She shook her head and knelt down into the nothingness next to him.

"I'm afraid I don't. I'm so sorry, sunspot."

Oh ...

"So it's like Techie, then?", muttered Tommy, trying to manoeuvre himself into a sitting position instead of laying around any longer.

"I think so, Toms. I'm so sorry."

He shrugged, feeling a bit numb, a part of him was pretty sure he wasn't really able to fully comprehend the bomb that's been dropped on him right now.

"It's... fine. Is my life now, innit?"

His mother gave him a sad smile, slowly reaching out to comb blackened clawed fingers through his hair. She started humming that eldritch ancient lullaby she always sang to him when he took his last breath, the voices fell quiet in his head, not uttering a single sound.

His head tipped to the side, pushing into his mother's caress as his eyes fluttered shut, enjoying the darkness and calm.

Tommy took a deep breath, deciding to finally take stock of his body.

The cough that had constantly plagued him since he turned seventy was gone - dust from mining, soot from fires, smoke of explosions and a faint trace of withering no longer haunting his body; he could still slightly feel the phantom aches of scars long gone, and there was no longer that constant pain in his bones and joints that came with old age.

He looked down at his hands, they were translucent, shimmering with stardust and far-away galaxies, energy was arching in lighting bolts underneath his skin, leaving him to look otherworldly and almost... dare he say it? **Godly** .

And still, there was his skin containing who he was, a thin membrane separating his very being from the world and void around him.

He turned and twisted his hand and arm, watching how sometimes his skin turned back into its original state, smooth and covering and decorated with scars - showing his arm how it had been in his prime, when he was something around twenty-five and in peak condition.

"I'm just like Techno, aren't I?"

His mother looked uncomfortable at the question, but she cleared her throat and answered anyway.

"You're... similar, baby. He turned while still alive. You became a Legend *after* your death."

Tommy listened to the quiet whispers urging him to kill his mother, to find other Gods to tear apart, to find Servers and suck them dry of life, to find little kids and steal them away to take their life and skin.

"... it's not a nice story, is it?", he dragged his hands through his hair just a bit too harshly, not feeling the pain and pressure it brought,

"I - I don't ***understand!*** I was the *hero!* Didn't I stop that fucking Server from going to shit?! Didn't - didn't ***I*** keep Wilbur *alive?*! I prevented years of suffering and pain and war and all that other bullshit! Why do they tell me to hurt everyone and everything?! Who the fuck decided that I'm the Villain in all of this?! That I — what?! Wanted to take over the world? Did they think I did all of that for *fun?*! This isn't *who I am!* This isn't what *I was meant to be!*"

His eyes stung and hot tears spilt over, pouring down his face like rain, making him taste salt when they dripped over his lips.

He didn't see his mother's torn expression, the hand she pressed over her heart, neither the other one covering her mouth as black poured from her own eyes, stifling her sobs at how devastated her son was.

What had her husband and son *done?*!

The Goddess reached out with trembling hands, pulling her youngest son's astral form against herself, enveloping him in her arms and wings and shadows in hope of soothing his pain at least a bit.

Her thoughts were *racing* , she had to do *something* .

Determination ran through her like a tsunami when she bent down to press a kiss against the top of Tommy's head, breathing her magic into his very being.

He tensed as a new energy entered his form like a black fog, seeping into the cracks and pores of his being, filling all the nooks and crannies that had been empty. Gasping when he felt his mother's substance, her essence, her magic, her *energy* settled within him, in his *Code* , his soul.

The Voices muffled some more, a quiet, easy to ignore chorus in the back of his mind.

Something within him clicked.

He had been the hero. He had done the right thing. He didn't deserve what **Time** had done to him.

But he couldn't change it.

The people who could have told his story never left the Server, he can *feel* that Eret is still there, still in her palace; he can sense Ranboo's grave, right there with Tubbo resting between their and Tommy's own grave, Michael buried between his fathers, and Fundy between Tommy and Wilbur, Quackity and George to Wilbur's other side - their entire family united in death, it made a part of him so happy.

Techno and Phil never really understood what Tommy talked about when he told them about the future he came from, they only ever saw him in control, they couldn't comprehend how much worse it could have been.

They probably thought they did the right thing.

~~They were~~ **wrong**

"... what is going to happen now?"

"I'm afraid you'll have to leave, baby. You're no longer a part of my realm. We'll see each other when Time Ends. Until then you're free to roam the Multiverse however you desire."

He nodded along, already having guessed something along that line.

"I'll miss you, Mom. I love you.", muttered the youngest son as he stood up, still so small compared to his mother's size.

"I'll miss you as well, and I love you so, so much my little sunshine. My *Hero* . Go out there and be who you are, be who you want to be – I won't judge, and I'll love you anyway. You *deserve* all the Servers the Multiverse can offer, sunspot. And should you ever want to meet your father and brothers, you know how to ask the crows - tell them my greetings and my love, if you do cross paths. And tell Phil that he's in for a *talk* when Time finally Ends."

Her youngest smiled up at her with misty eyes, his body slowly solidifying as it prepared to leave her again, his smile turning into a smirk at her last words.

"Don't worry, Mumza, I'll tell him. I love you, until Time Ends and we'll meet again."

And he was gone like stardust, in a glimmer and a spark.

The Goddess felt new pitch black tears pour down her face even as she smiled, filled with happiness and pain.

"We'll meet again when Time Ends, my darling sunshine son. Mommy loves you."

Tommy came to his senses in the middle of a meadow, staring up at the sun and blue sky with bleary eyes as he just... *breathed* .

It was strange to be back in his body, his *young* body for that. He'd been an old man for so long, it was a bit of a silly thought that he could finally jump off a building with a water bucket and no fear that his hips and legs and back would give out on him.

He hadn't been the worst old person on the entire Server, health-wise, a lot of them aged worse than him, although he'd lost his hair rather early and pitifully.

He'd always considered himself *young-in-spirit* , even when kids from school came to ask Tubbo, Fundy and him about the Server's history – the L'Manburg War of Indipendance, or the Wither Rebellion.

It was going to be strange to not have to behave like a proper old man anymore. Tommy couldn't wait for what this chapter of his life would bring.

"You look stupid."

Tommy flinched at the sudden noise, sitting up and turning around, finding himself in front of a little kid with fox ears and tail, their hair was pure white, like his.

His breath stopped in his chest when he met the kid's eyes, they looked *exactly* like Wilbur's.

His senses immediately reached out for the grave site around L'Mantree.

He couldn't find any traces of anybody else being buried with them.

He racked his brain for some form of... hint.

He felt like his eyes were about to pop out of their sockets.

Right. There had been this one Fox Hybrid who settled in the **T SMP** for a good while, they had been a reluctant addition of his, but he couldn't find it in himself to turn them away when they pleaded with him to hide them from an arranged marriage (and their story had been true, he had done his research before allowing them to enter).

For a couple years everything had been calm around them, then Fundy had told him and Eret and Tubbo that he was thinking about asking for their hand in marriage, and as soon as that happened Tommy found himself getting hounded by that fox-person, getting demand over demand over demand to let them leave the Server – and, well... he decided to relent after a while.

Fundy had been so angry and sad and devastated, but never explained why he punched Tommy hard enough to break his jaw over that one.

But... if they had *taken Fundy's kit*.

Huh. The more you know.

He frowned a bit at the idea – why hadn't his nephew *told him* ? Tommy would have traced and brought back the other fox, or at least the kit, without a hassle.

Well, it definitely was in the past, nothing Tommy could do about that.

Besides that...

"Who are you calling stupid, brat?!", hissed Tommy, getting to his feet to tower over the kit that *maybe* reached his hips, if he was being generous.

"You. You look stupid, stupid.", braked the kit right back at him with defiance, not even caring that Tommy could crush the little fucker with bare hands if he really wanted to.

The voices, behind the wall his mother had created, went ballistic, screeching about misbehaving children and to lure them away to take their form.

Tommy doubted he could actually disguise himself as a child.

"Haven't your parents taught you any manners?"

The kit's ears flicked, Tommy knew that specific gesture from Fundy.

"Aw shit, mate. I know that face. What'd they do?"

The kit plopped down on their ass close to him, ripping out fistfuls of grass with a scowl twisting their muzzle and a tiny growl.

"S jus'. *"You gotta behave, Floris."* *"TommyInnit's gonna getcha, Floris."* *"Be a good girl, Floris."* Fuck 'em. That meanie deserv'd a kick in'a balls, 'n I hate school's anyway."

Tommy's eyebrows shot up at the foul language. He spoke just the same, that age. It was charming.

"Well, Floris. Why don't we show 'em better?", offered Tommy, feeling something dark and sinister brewing in the back of his mind.

It started like this:

Techno and Phil were wandering Servers, looking for some tournament or fight for them to win.

And then they heard the rumours.

The thing with rumours is – sometimes there's a bit of truth in them, other times they're utter bullshit.

But when different people, on multiple occasions, in varying locations, mention the same rumour of a kid that has been missing for months suddenly returning totally changed... that was true.

And the rumour mill is just warming up.

That strange Fox Shapeshifter girl that had vanished started up chaos and conflict, it seemed.

A good month after her return, unscathed and healthy but *strange*, a small quiet peaceful Server found itself in the middle of a full blown war of multiple fronts, and this little kit right in the middle of the eye of the storm.

And when the Server's Admin suddenly was said to have fled.

When word spread that the **Server Borders were closed**.

When Philza and Technoblade learned through the grapevine that the Server now bore the name of the ***F SMP***.

Well... it wasn't hard to put two and two together now, was it?

Of *course* the people talked.

Does sound an awful lot like the tale of TommyInnit, aye?

Bah, that's nothin' but a fairytale, little kiddies scary story.

Yer seein' ghosts, man.

People *always* talked.

But compared to them, Phil and Techno were actually aware that the "story" was *true* .

And they also knew that the Dead could return, as proven by Wilbur.

A little kid in a yellow sweater and with an old, worn guitar knocking on the door of their temporary room at an Inn one day – over two decades ago, by now – looking up at them with crooked, thin wired glasses, through a fringe of brown curls that would fluff, glimmer and shine when cared for the right way, and dark brown eyes, like deep chocolate and coals, a bit too much of comprehension and understanding and recognition hidden in his gaze.

The kid – Wilbur's reincarnation, as Kristin had confirmed – had pushed his way into their room, shaken both their hands absentmindedly, before pulling off his shoes and flopping down on Phil's side of the bed and promptly falling asleep.

And they never got rid of him.

Don't understand that wrong –

At first they tried to leave him behind, to dump Wilbur here and there, or somewhere else. Neither wanted to grow attached and lose him again. But he kept returning like the tide, clinging to them like ocean fog, and after a while he wore them down like a river caves through stone – and that's how they came to the lanky stick figure that was awkwardly curled up on the couch right now, deeply asleep and cuddling with Friend – that traitor of a sheep preferred Wilbur over Techno most of the time, it was maddening.

So... here was the thing with the *new* Wilbur:

Techno and Phil knew close to nothing about his past.

The kid just showed up at nine years old with a: "I'm Wilbur. I saw you at the market today. You seem familiar, I think, I like you." on his lips.

That had been it. They didn't know if he just spawned like that one day, if he had a biological family – nothing. But they also never asked or searched.

But they were certain about one thing. Wilbur was Kristin's answer to what happened in the *T SMP* .

Because this boy – *Man*, by now – could create a Portal reaching out of **Closed Borders** .

The ultimate escape route.

And with that ace up their sleeve, they weren't afraid to follow the curiosity that came with the tales of the *F SMP* .

Because that might just be *Tommy*.

Their jump into the Server with Phil's Ability went as well as it always did, leaving the man retching, his oldest lying on the ground disorientated with Friend patiently waiting at his side, and his probably-youngest curled up and groaning.

Lovely.

Looking around where they arrived was like a cruel deja-vu.

Birch planks and glass panes. A gilded Blackstone '**Welcome**' lining a wall.

Fuck.

"Ohhh. This looks nice.", muttered Wil where he had sat up and was taking in the view.

Techno whined, pushing himself onto his lower arms before collapsing again.

"Don't let the looks deceive you.", groaned Techno, rolling onto his back instead,

"It's just like a Nether Hub. A pretty spot in the middle of Hell."

"Awww, and here I thought you somewhat enjoyed your time with me. It wasn't *that bad*.", crooned a voice that sounded somewhat familiar.

Phil whirled around with wide eyes, almost losing his footing when a new wave of nausea and dizziness slammed into his brain.

"Tommy."

That was Techno. Techno said that.

Phil's mouth was open, he wanted to say his son's name, but... it was stuck. That wasn't... this wasn't –

And yet. Here he was. Alife. Back. Again.

Looking like in his prime, when his hair was fully white and no longer looked like a moulting baby bird. Standing upright, matching Wilbur in height.

That healthy and dangerous amount of muscles a well trained fighter and athlete would possess covering his body.

Crooked smirk, scars, soulfire blue eyes and all.

That was *his* Tommy. His son.

"Jep, it's Tommy, innit?"

That terrible, terrible joke that had later turned into Tommy's actual last name.

Phil heard a strangled sound and looked back at Wilbur whose eyes where clouded and hazy, nothing of their usual sharpness to see.

"It's a bit stupid to walk straight back into the situation you escaped from, old man.", joked Tommy, sauntering through the door before freezing at the sight of Wilbur.

"Heh. Calls him old man and almost lived to 100. *Old.*",

Techno snorted from where he was still lying on the floor.

"Anyone care to lend the blind guy a hand and help me like, *up* , over here? No? *Bruh* ."

Phil just... stared at Techno. Blinked once. Twice. Thrice.

Why did he raise the kind of dreamon-spawn that *joked* in a situation like this?

The Pigling Hybrid sat up, leaning back on his hands.

"Listen, I know. Here's like a lot of trauma and the likes goin' on. But at least get me off the floor first."

It was Tommy who sat himself into motion after shaking off his stupor, gripping one of his older brother's arms and heaving Technoblade's bulking form onto his hoves seemingly without any effort.

"... Follow me, I'll show you where I've been staying.", ordered Tommy after another painful silence.

Tommy lived in a L'Manburg-Style cottage in the middle of the woods.

There were a few patches of vegetables and crops surrounding it as well as a chicken coop and a barn with cows.

And, well... there was the *kid*.

Phil stared at the Fox Hybrid girl that was just *standing there* in a small side-room like a statue and felt a shudder go down his spine.

"It's what they want.", explained Tommy behind him,

"I... uh... fuck. So. I think Mum messed a bit with my head. Like - she put the Voices behind a wall so that they're not as bad as Technoblade's. But... suddenly doing what those stories say about me didn't sound as bad as it did before."

Techno and Wilbur had dared to walk into the room, inspecting the nooks and crannies but doing their best to avoid the girl.

"So... hah. Turns out I *can't* shape shift. But... I can do *that* . Floris is..."

His son tapered off and suddenly the girl started to move, giving Phil a wave.

"I can take over her body. She's gone.", explained Tommy, making her give a little bow.

It was *fucked*.

"It makes sense that they say I only take misbehaving children.",

noted Tommy, his own body shrugging again instead of the kits,

"I'm rude as fuck and swear like a sailor. This way I'm easily disguised.

Oh, by the way, Mom wants me to say hi and that she loves you all, and that she's going to have a *talk* with you when Time Ends, Dadza."

Phil winced at the last add-on. He wasn't looking forward to that one.

Tommy frowned.

"But all jokes aside. You came here for a reason, I'm sure. What the fuck do you want."

And that was the actual question, wasn't it?

As soon as they heard a bit too much of evidence that this might be Tommy, they rushed for this Server, leaving everything else behind.

"You're my son...", said Phil, not knowing how else to explain the entire feeling and thought process behind their decision,

"Their brother. Our *family*. "

Tommy snorted, laughing a bitter sound.

"That didn't stop you from defacing my entire life-work as soon as I was gone."

Phil blinked.

"I'm... we're sorry. Techno and I... we don't remember what actually happened anymore, mate. We only have your tale as reference."

Tommy stared at him with burning eyes and a snarl.

"That just makes it *fucking worse*, old man!

You fucking ***ruined me*** ! Every fucking thing I did was dragged through the mud because of *you!*"

"So we'll clean it up again.", chimed Wilbur, taking a stand next to Phil,

"We'll use this as an opportunity to continue your tale. We'll tell it again.

And this time it'll be with your input."

"There's nothin' wrong with being the Villain, Tommy.", rumbled Techno, standing next to his younger brother,

"I'm sorry we didn't tell it right. But I'm not sorry to have you back. And it was that tale that brought us back together. I won't ever regret it."

Tommy sighed, looking at what once had been his family, spreading out his arms to invite them into a hug.

It wasn't forgiveness, not even acceptance.

But it was a start.

Chapter End Notes

There's one more story planned. It's planned to be a long OS, but no promises ^^'

Once that one's out, I'll say that this Series is finished.

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!